

tad related of his affectionate tenderness, his unflagging energy, his high and noble views. Thus how great was the son's amazement, indignation, and sorrow when, long years afterwards, unscrupulous enemies tried to make the world believe that his father had been a thief.

On that matter the reader will form his own opinion, and it is largely to enable him to do so that the chief facts of Francois Zola's career of honourable and untiring industry have been recapitulated in these pages. But another purpose also has been served. As the narrative of Emile Zola's life proceeds, it will be observed how truly he was his father's son, evincing in manhood the same energy, industry, and perseverance, the same passion to strive against obstacles, and, by striving, overcome them. In his case, the prompting of inherited nature is the more manifest as he was of such tender years when his father died, and thus escaped the influence of companionship and example, which so often increase the resemblance of father and son. Ah, that poor contemned doctrine of heredity, as old as the world itself, how could Emile Zola fail to believe in it when he himself was a striking illustration of its workings ?

Francois Zola's widow placed a modest slab upon her husband's grave in the cemetery of Aix, in which she herself was to be laid three and thirty years later. A

cedar shades  
the tomb from the flaring sky poised over that  
glowing field  
of death, whence the view spreads to many a  
hill and moun-  
tain, clad in blue and purple. And on the slab,  
which is  
protected by iron chains dangling from granite  
billets, one  
reads: "Frangois Zola, 1795-1847. Fran<joise  
Emilie Zola,  
*nee* Aubert, 1819-1880." Aix, however, does not  
need the  
presence of that tomb to remind it of one  
of its most